Les Amis

1953-54

Property of Virginia Holcombe
Roper Hospital
Charleston, S.C.

THE NINETEEN HUNDRED

FIFTY-THREE - FIFTY-FOUR

Tres Anni

OF THE

SCHOOL OF NURSING

OF THE

MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF

SOUTH CAROLINA

AND

ROPER HOSPITAL

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

. . Foreword . .

Here, in the following pages, we present the memories of working with the great family of people that compose our hospital and school. Education, recreation and well-balanced living have endowed us all with benefits that will aid us in achieving a successful future.

Dedication

To DR. WILLIAM H. PRIOLEAU do we, the 1953 Graduating Class of the School of Nursing of the Medical College of South Carolina and Roper Hospital, dedicate, with unbounded pride, the 1953-54 Tres Anni. In years past and years present he has taught, with patience and enthusiasm, the principles of medicine to all who strive in the nursing profession. We feel that Dr. Prioleau best represents the unwavering spirit that is required of us all to achieve our goal.

DR. WILLIAM PRIOLEAU

RUTH CHAMBERLIN

Dean of the School of Nursing

To our Dean, Miss Ruth Chamberlin, we pay special tribute. Her patience and understanding through these three years have truly been an example to us all. The high standards of the nursing profession held by her have inspired us to attain greater acheivements. We shall always be indebted to her for her guidance and wholehearted support in any project that we undertook.

MR. C. A. ROBB

Superintendent of Roper Hospital

To Mr. C. A. Robb, our Superintendent, we at this time express gratitude for the fulfillment of each request made by us during the years spent working harmoniously. His request for the generous appropriation given by the Board of Commissioners has made this publication possible.

NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Seniors...
Professional Adjustments
Public Health Nursing
Orthopedics
Urology
Gyn
Pediatrics
Pharmacology
Anatomy
Nursing Arts
1st Year
2nd Year
3rd Year

PRESIDENT

BETTY POTTER

VICE-PRESIDENT

LORETTA ROBINSON

SECRETARY

LORRAINE McALHANEY

TREASURER

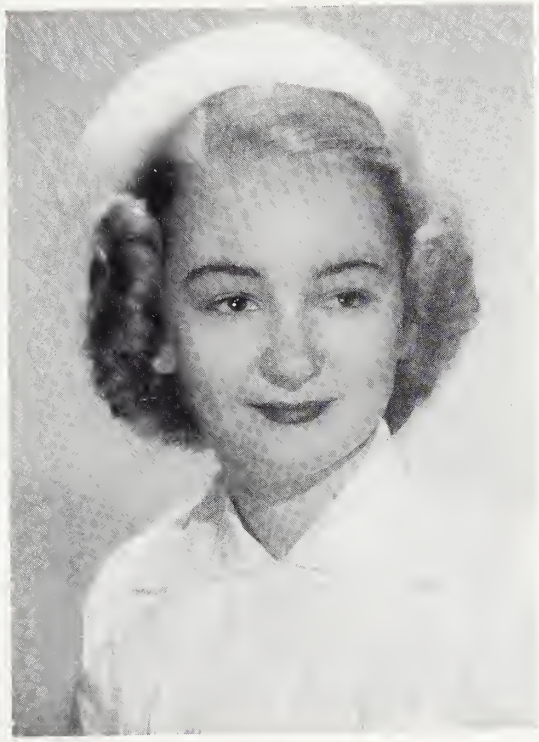
CAROLYN CAVENY

Senior Class Officers

MARGARET ELIZABETH BALDWIN

GREENVILLE, S. C.

"Of all our parts the eyes express, the sweetest kind of bashfulness."



JEAN ANNETTE BRICKLE

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"To worry little, to study less, is my idea of happiness."

PATRICIA LOUISE BOZARD

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"Patience and gentleness is a power."

VIRGINIA RUTH BROWN

HARTSVILLE, S. C.

"Whenever I feel like working, I'll lie down until the feeling passes over."

LOU ALYCE BRICKLE

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep—wake me, and make me get up."

LAURA WILLANN CAMPBELL

CAMDEN, S. C.

"Some like to work, some like to play; others like to stay in bed all day."

ELIZABETH ANN CAPERS

WHITE HALL, S. C.

"There are three ingredients in the good life—learning, earning, and yearning."

MRS. DOROTHY ANNE HAHN CLINE

GREENWOOD, S. C.

"For we may search before we find a heart so noble or so kind."

CAROLYN ROSE CAVENY

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

BARBARA DE LIESSELINE CONEY

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"A handful of good life is better than seven bushels of learning."

GLORIA ELIZABETH COOK

KINGSTREE, S. C.

"The love of living filled her heart with joy and song."

ANGELINE DEMOS

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"And she grew a noble lady and the people loved her much."

BETTY FAYE DEMPSEY

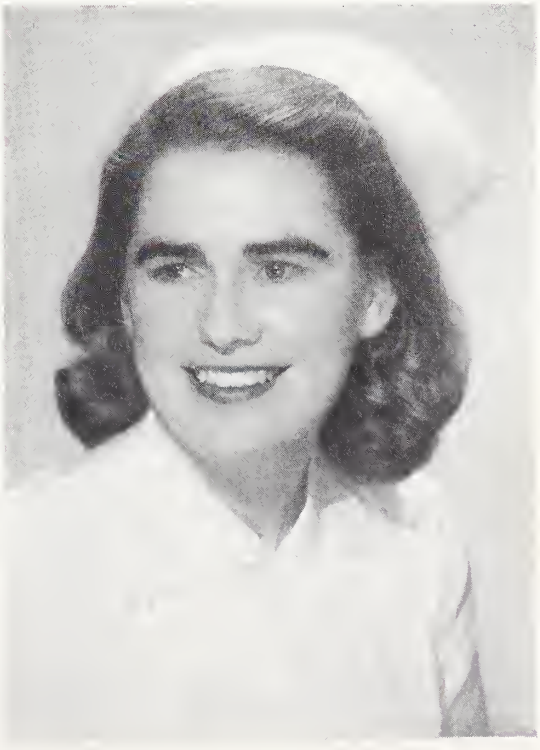
HARTSVILLE, S. C.

"She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew."

JESSIE MARIE DILLOW

TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



EUGENIA EDNA EDENS

FLORENCE, S. C.

"While we live, let's live all over; for when we're dead we're dead all over."

FRANCES JUNE GREEN

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

MARY ELLEN FLOYD

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"To speak his thoughts is every free man's right."

PAULINE HAYES

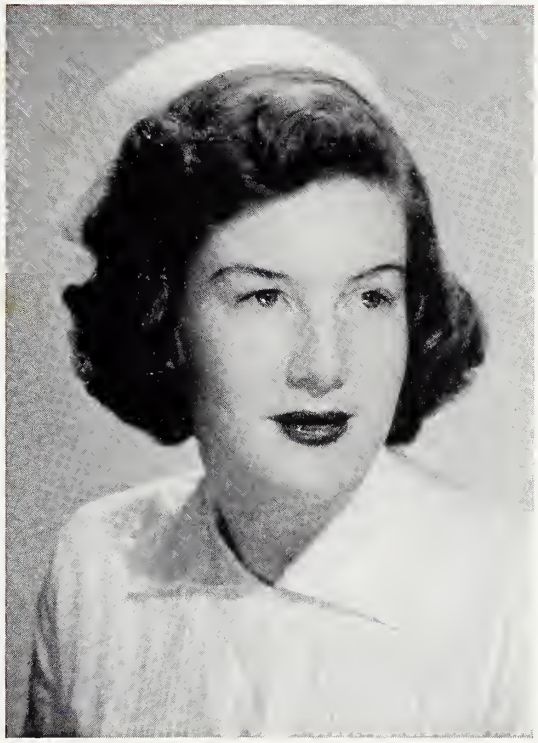
LAKE VIEW, S. C.

"What is life without love."

JOYCE HICKMAN HENNESY

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Courage shows in her eyes and pluck in her nicely arched brows."



MRS. VERTA NEEDHAM INGBRETSEN

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

MRS. MARGARET STEWART HOLLER

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"I like work, it fascinates me; I could sit and look at it for hours."

REBY ANNE KIZER

ST. GEORGE, S. C.

"All the great women are dying; I don't feel well myself."

SHIRLEY MARGARET KEENUM

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"The Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand."

ROSIDE KOGER

JOHN'S ISLAND, S. C.

"You will always find her true and just; a girl whom all will love and trust."

SUE ELAINE MORTON

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"My strength is like the strength of ten because my heart is strong."

NANCY ANN OATES

YORK, S. C.

"Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

EVELYN LORRAINE McALHANEY

FROGMORE, S. C.

"I had rather have a fool to make me happy than experience to make me sad."

JANE HENRIETTA OGILVIE

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

PEGGY JUNE O'DELL

LAURENS, S. C.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

BETTY ANN POTTER

BEAUFORT, S. C.

"There is no pleasure like the pain of being loved and loving."

SHIRLEY JOYCE RAY

HEMINGWAY, S. C.

"Shaped her heart with women's meekness to all duties of her rank."

MARIAN FRANCES REGISTER

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"A silent woman is always more admired than a noisy one."

MYRTLE LORETTA ROBINSON

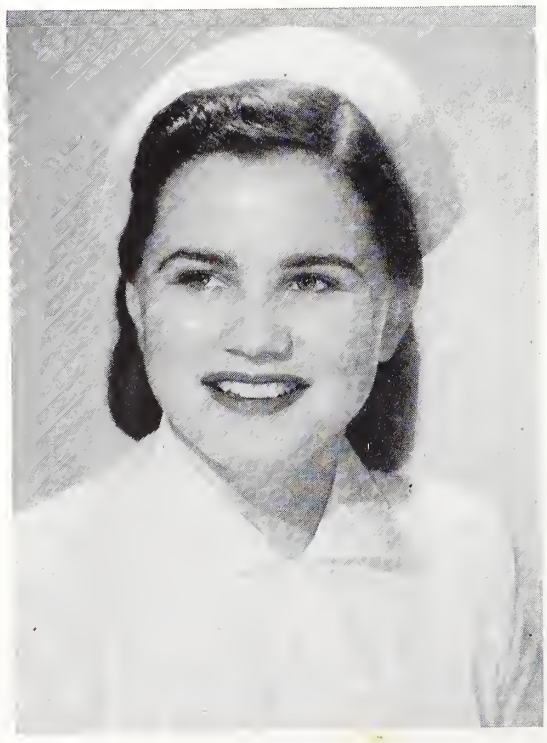
BURTON, S. C.

"Be to her virtues very kind, be to her faults a little blind."

MARIA ROUSAKIS

SAVANNAH, GA.

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked, of culture or appliance—the warmth of genial courtesy, the calm of self-reliance."



GLADYS ISABEL ROUBION

EASLEY, S. C.

"She may not know a debt from a credit, but she certainly adds up."

PERRY VALDA RUMPH

DORCHESTER, S. C.

"Be always as merry as you ever can, for no one delights in a sorrowful man."

GEORGIA ANN SHEALY

LANGLEY, S. C.

"The smallest brooks make the greatest noise."

MRS. SARAH ANNE MOORE STRIPLING

CONWAY, S. C.

"Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get."

BETTY AMELIA SHOLK

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"How wonderful it is to work hard at nothing, and then to rest afterward."

LUCY RACHEL WALTERS

DORCHESTER, S. C.

"Those dark eyes, so dark and deep, with far-away thoughts no one can see."

EDWIN ANNE WELLING

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Let me speak; I cannot otherwise be happy."

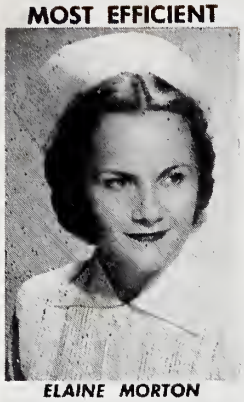
ETHEL PEARL WOODCOCK

PELZER, S. C.

"She was smart enough, mind you, but to have suppressed it all this time — that was sheer genius."

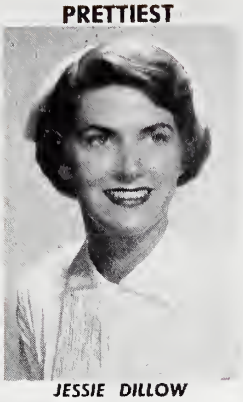
SUPERLATIVES

MOST EFFICIENT



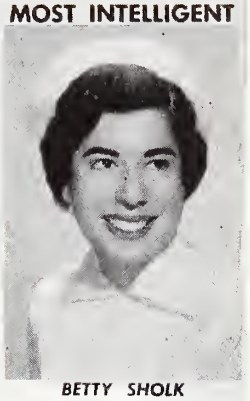
ELAINE MORTON

PRETTIEST



JESSIE DILLOW

MOST INTELLIGENT



BETTY SHOLK

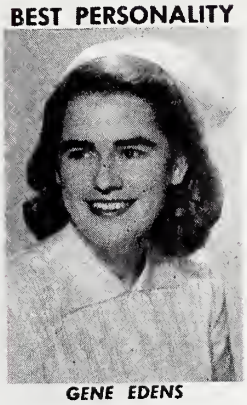
BEST ALL AROUND

GLORIA COOK

WITTIEST

JOYCE RAY

BEST PERSONALITY



GENE EDENS

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

VERTA INGBRETSEN

NEATEST

CAROLYN CAVENY

BEST DRESSED

BARBARA CONEY

MOST TALENTED

ANNETTE BRICKLE

Class History

Section 1

Not even the grey clouds and misty rain-drops could squelch the excitement of the fifty-eight girls arriving at intervals in front of the R. A. Kinloch Nurses' Home on September 5, 1950. Later we came to know it as Main Home where we spent our pre-clinical days.

Each girl eyed the others wonderingly and after the welcome party in Annex A, given by the nursing faculty, we began to choose friends and become acquainted with each other.

The next day, our fifty-ninth and final arrival appeared, Maria Rousakis. Maria was our class President during our first year and later became President of the student body in our third year.

Soon after we were oriented to Roper Hospital and the Medical College and were busy with classes, a new feature was added to our schedule—"wards". In absolutely perfect uniform we descended upon the wards, wide-eyed and like a group of frightened pups. We were assigned to clean units, which we did thoroughly and quickly and were whisked off the ward again.

The next time we had to do P. M. cares. At the time it seemed a tremendous task. We were so eager to please and to learn that we almost drove the head nurses and upper-classmen insane with our questions.

It seemed no time until we were getting supervised on medications. "Have you been supervised on I. M.'s yet?", you could hear us asking each other. "Yes, and I was scared to death, but there's nothing to it, you just . . . ." and on and on we went.

Then came the pre-capping conference! A long line of nervously giggling pre-clinicals stood outside Miss Holcombe's door, waiting to see whether the dream of the little white cap would really come true.

On January 31, 1951, our families looked on proudly while we were capped by our big sisters and we became members of the student body. We hoped everyone would notice our caps the next day on duty, but I suppose to some people all student nurses looked the same, because we didn't impress anyone particularly. However, we didn't mind because we were on our way.

During our first year we had several students leave us. Shirley Moorer was one who left repeatedly for one illness or another, but she always came back. We did not like to lose Shirley to another class and we admire her for her persistence in continuing.

Soon after most of us had our first vacation, we received our first black band.

Dottie Hahn began to talk of Howard and wedding plans and during Christmas we had our first wedding. Dottie became Mrs. Howard Cline.

During the second year Jean Stewart and Dave Holler, one of our medical students, were married and Verta Needham became Mrs. William Ingbretsen.

All of us were by now anticipating our psychiatric affiliation at State Hospital. When our first group returned, we listened eagerly to all the tales they so willingly related to us.

Sooner than we expected, September 5, 1952 came and we began our third year with the second black band on our caps.

Sara Moore became the bride of Robert Stripling at Christmastime at Bethel Church, making our number of married students four.

Just after the new year began, the Clines announced the arrival of son, Charles, who has the entire class of '53 as his devoted admirers.

With the last group soon going on affiliation and many of us finishing our last courses, our thoughts are mostly of commencement, comprehensive exams and State Board examination. We are investigating the various fields of nursing open to us.

It doesn't seem long since that rainy day on September 5, 1950, but we know that the things we have experienced and the lessons learned have made us a bit more mature and capable as we prepare to make history of the future years. It is our wish that grey clouds and misty raindrops will never squelch the zeal and ambition that will make us good, progressive nurses of the highest standards.

(Mrs.) Verta Ingbretsen.

Class History

Section 2

One bright February day, fifteen excited girls in Section II gathered at Main Nurses Home to start careers as nurses. As we look back on the days when we were "probies," it seems to us to have been the most enjoyable time of training. Oh, we didn't think so then. We did feel a little green, of course, but not letting it get the best of us, we remained to see what came next—all except three members. There were plenty of times when we all decided to leave. As we seemed to be all in this thing together we would just all quit. By some stroke of fate we remained. We were curious, of course, to know just how many procedures there were to this course. There were many laughs and tears learning to make beds and clean a unit. We wondered just how one little white table could hold so much. We had fun pretending to be the patient in practicing those nursing procedures, and to think of those endless hours we spent in nursing arts lab. practicing, only to hear "you will just have to put in more time practicing."

We were very proud once we learned a procedure, and then we got supervised on the wards. This meant we were able to do things alone.

Next came the big day for us. On June 2, 1951, we received our caps. My, did we feel important! We felt as if we were real nurses, and thought we looked about as good as the rest. At least we didn't think we would be so conspicuous. The only thing, for some strange reason, we were expected to know as much as the rest, just because we had a cap on our heads.

We seemed to learn fast the rest of the year, because in no time we suddenly looked around and we were working nights by ourselves.

We enjoyed that summer. We were all very close together. Most of our time off duty was spent at the beach—then we were glad we came to Charleston. Most of us were from different towns and were not accustomed to having a beach so close by. We were having classes each day. My, was it hot! We felt that we were learning more each day, however.

Then came November and this meant vacation. We thought we never wanted to see this place again. By the time we had been home a week, we decided that being a nurse wasn't such a bad life after all. We missed each other, and were we happy to get back on the wards and go to work. We worked harder than ever now, and it seemed no time until we had completed a year. We got our new black bands and we were beginning to feel a little more as if we knew the routine around the hospital. By this time we had lost four more members of our class.

We started on our different services. Some of us were happy, some unhappy, in their work. There were services we liked, of course, and we always had time to discuss our problems with each other. It was vacation time again, and it came so quickly. It seemed as if we had just had one, but it was welcomed, and we made the most of it. We were glad to get back once again. Vacation was in June this time, and by July we were back in full swing in work as well as play. Now we didn't spent all of our time working. We, like everyone else, had dates, went to parties, had "crushes", some even fell in love. We now have eight members of our class.

Now comes the time when we start preparing for graduation, because we have the two black bands. It felt wonderful to see those two stripes. We had wondered for two years—would we ever get to be seniors? At this time we have been very busy with our ward work, and the heavy schedule of classes. There has been little time to play as the time draws nearer to graduation. Excited? Sure we are excited. In fact, we have never been more excited. Will that day ever come for graduation?

Some of us are now going to State Hospital on affiliation. We are happy in a way, but we would be happier to have all of our friends go with us. We will miss each other terribly.

Graduation is here and we can hardly believe our own eyes. In those graduate caps and white uniforms we are marching down the aisle at the Citadel Chapel to get our diplomas. Conspicuous and self-conscious is not the word for it, but there is a bubbling over inside us. We see the tears flowing as we think of parting with our friends and leaving dear ole Roper. All in all, it has been three wonderful years, through tears and joy together. We wouldn't trade places with anyone now!

Margaret Baldwin

Prophecy

Sections 1 and 2

Experiments! Experiments! Again I find myself playing the part of a guinea pig. That's how I happen to be off duty now, lying quietly in my hospital room patiently awaiting my forthcoming experience. We're trying to verify the belief that a certain new drug will hasten time some twenty years so that the victim may foresee the future.

I find myself turning restlessly as I wait for the doctor to arrive. Soon the door opens and in walks an elderly doctor followed by one of the attractive floor nurses. Quickly the doctor adjusts the tourniquet while the nurse is preparing the drug to be administered. I wish now that I hadn't volunteered for this, but before I can back out everything is ready. I wince as the needle pierces my arm, but immediately I begin to feel drowsy. My vision slowly becomes blurred and then there is a total blackness that seems to last an eternity. I feel myself whirling, whirling and when I stop I am a bit lost. All about me are people hurrying by.

As I try to accustom myself to the crowd and the bustle of the traffic, my attention is attracted to a small newsboy shouting, "Extra! Extra! Read all about the earth to moon Expedition!" I rush over to buy a paper so that I may read about these "slap-happy" adventurers. As I glance at the first page I can hardly believe my eyes—The New York Times, March 5, 1973. Hurriedly I look down the page. There in bold print I see the names of two graduates of the class of '53. It seems that Pauline Hayes and Gladys Roubion still like adventure. Their husbands have already made two unssuccessful attempts to reach the moon. This time Pauline and Gladys decided to go along. Margaret Baldwin, hostess on the fastest jet passenger plane of the times, was asked to go on the expedition, but Margaret would rather be "down to earth".

I turn the pages of the paper slowly, trying to adjust myself to the modern times. When I find the Society Section, I see a most attractive lady. A second glance reveals to me an old acquaintance, Jessie Dillow. Jessie, one of the outstanding actresses of the year, came to the attention of movie makers back in 1960 when she won the Mrs. America Contest. She has just returned from a visit to Paris to see one of her old classmates, Joyce Hennessy. Joyce took a trip to Paris shortly after she finished training, and she liked it so well she never took the trouble to return.

Hm!! It seems that Maria Rousakis has turned to writing. She's just completed a booklet, "The Difference Between a Water Pitcher and a Urinal." Just as I am wondering what Maria will think of next, a voice sounds behind me. I spin around to face none other than Gloria Cook. "Cookie" tells me that she has taken up opera. As soon as she discovered her hidden talent she stopped her previous job, but she hasn't given up nursing entirely. She has Perry Rumph as a competitor in the operatic field so she spends about half her time nursing her voice so that she'll be able to keep up the competition.

"Cookie" and I decide to have lunch together so that we can talk about old times.

"Cookie" just returned recently from a visit to South Carolina. She saw some of her classmates who have lingered at Roper. Rosida Koger is making quite an excellent nursing education director while Lorraine McAlhaney is head nurse on obstetrics. This seems to have paid off for Lorraine. She is now married to one of the most outstanding obstetricians in Charleston. When "Cookie" saw two of the student nursess at Roper she thought she was seeing things—and seeing double at that. She thought she saw two Carolyn Caveneys. When she inquired she found that they were Carolyn's identical twins. Carolyn has three other children.

While in Charleston, "Cookie" dropped in to see Jean Brickle and while she was there she got to see Dottie Cline. Her son finished with honors last year at Duke, where Betty Dempsey is University nurse. Jean and Lou Alyce Brickle are doing research work for the Medical College, which is now the largest medical center in the South. Lou Alyce said that Dinah Sue Hucks and Virginia Brown really hit the jackpot in their nursing careers; Dinah Sue, now caring for wealthy Florida visitors, has to take her patients to the beach nearly every day. One of Virginia's rich widower patients is taking her on a trip to Bermuda this summer.

Betty Capers, Anne Welling, and Jean Holler started an organization in Florida which has grown and become so popular that now it has branches in almost every large city. This organization was formed with hopes of improving the hand writing of doctors, giving special emphasis to the importance of writing orders so they can be read by the nurses.

"Cookie" tells me that two more of her classmates, Shirley Keenum and Betty Potter went into the private duty field. Betty has been doing private duty for Larry almost twenty years now. She thinks she'll keep it up.

Some people do like to travel. Willann Campbell married an army officer and just can't seem to stay in one place. Verta Ingbretsen and Sara Stripling are both vacationing abroad this summer. Sara and her husband are going to Scotland to visit the home where her grandparents lived. Verta decided to spend her vacation in Norway in order to take a special course in obstetrics—obstetrics the Norwegian way.

After lunch "Cookie" and I stop by her hotel suite. I turned on the television and much to my surprise Joyce Ray's new shown has just begun. Joyce really proved to be a great comedienne, but it's no wonder with Betty Sholk as her right hand. Betty has been script writer for Joyce nearly ten years. The show's sponsors, Brucks, has two outstanding uniform designers, Marian Register and Ann Shealy. Their newest creation is a student uniform which requires no safety pins to put it together.

As we leave her suite, "Cookie" suggests that we go to the movies. As we enter, the news reel has already begun. Gathered in New York are representatives from the United States to the World Health Organization. Among the chosen few are June Green and Lucy Walters.

Next, we see the launching of a new passenger ship "The Mamie", named for the wife of one of our famous ex-presidents. Cookie says that Gene Edens has the position of Ship's nurse on "The Mamie".

"Cookie" had a letter from Elaine Morton the other day. Elaine and Angie Demos are now exploring the jungles of Africa trying to find recruits for the nursing school which they and Jane Ogilvie started at Kasanga. They have been trying to get Pearl Woodcock, who has recruited navy nurses some 15 years, to join them and be clinical instructor at their school.

Shortly after I bid adieu to "Cookie", I find myself gazing wistfully at a darling little hat in an exclusive shop that I happen to pass. I go inside and just as I am about to try on the hat I spot a lady who looks rather familiar to me. As she stands there trying to get the clerk to give her a discount on a hat, I see that it is Loretta Robinson. She tells me that she now has her master degree in nursing and is teaching at Johns Hopkins University. She just came from a meeting of nursing supervisors and instructors where she saw Mary Floyd, now supervisor of the Philadelphia General Hospital.

I inquire about Nancy Oates. Loretta says Nancy has gone down to see Barbara Coney who has bought an island off the coast of South Carolina where tired old nurses can go for refuge.

Speaking of tired old nurses—I'm nearly dead! I spot a bench in the park that I am approaching and decide to get some rest for my weary feet. When I sit down, my eyes begin to droop and before I know it, I am dozing in the warm sunlight.

Suddenly a noise startles me, and as I open my eyes, I discover that I am no longer sitting on a park bench but am lying quietly in my bed. I notice that the wind is blowing the blinds against the window sill, making the noise that awakened me. I can feel the rapid pulsation of my heart as I realize that our experiment has been a success. Quickly I turn on my light and eagerly await someone to come so that I can relate my experience to her.

Mary Ann Thomasson.

Last Will & Testament

Sections 1 and 2

We, the senior class of 1953 of the School of Nursing of the Medical College of South Carolina and Roper Hospital, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

To the nursing faculty and staff we give a sincere "thank you" for their patience in teaching and their understanding of our problems in the classroom and on duty.

ARTICLE II

To Miss Chamberlin, our Dean and Director of Nursing, we bequeath a class without problems so that she may rest when we leave.

ARTICLE III

To the residents and internes we leave many thanks for their help and cooperation during our training.

ARTICLE IV

We bequeath to the rising senior class the dignity that belongs to the two stripes on their cap, a symbol of trustworthiness and achievement.

ARTICLE V

We, the members of the senior class bequeath, as follows, our individual estates:

I, Lorraine McAlhaney, leave my memories of and good times at Roper to anyone who will love them as I did.

I, Loretta Robinson, will my ability to have a good time, anytime, and to be unprofessional at the most inopportune times to the rising seniors.

I, Elaine Morton, bequeath my ability to recognize a good tennis player when I see one to Janelle Lester.

I, Annette Brickle, leave to some slow rising senior my ability to always be ready on time.

I, Angie Demos, will to June Lockwood, my craving for chocolate pie from the Goodie House at three 'clock a. m.

To any would-be model, I, Pauline Hayes, bequeath my photogenic face.

I, Gladys Roubion, will my reputation for being quiet and shy to "Beba" Lesemann.

I, Gloria Cook, leave my ability to autoclave bedroom slippers and have them shrunk up five sizes too small, to anyone who doesn't have to pay for them.

To Havilia Parker, I, Rosida Koger, leave my unexpected wit

To my roommate, Dorothy Matthews, I, Mary Ellen Floyd, leave my quiet admiration and easy spoken ways.

I, Ann Welling, leave everything, but my love for Jack, to Bobbie Cooper.

To all the doctors whose writing I have not been able to decipher, I, Marian Register, leave my ability to write with my toes.

I, Betty Capers, will my unbroken, everlasting stream of chatter to Doris Harris.

I, Jean Stewart Holler, bequeath my ability to catch a medical student for a husband by courting in linen closets and behind the screens to Lucy Solomons.

To Joyce Trescott, I, Patsy Bozard, leave my stature.

My love for the Citadel football players, I, Dinah Sue Hucks, will to Ginger Hearon.

To anyone who wants to get a good sun-tan, I, Barbara Coney, leave my island and my sun glasses.

I, Lou Brickle, leave my pencil to the rat who stole it.

To Lou, I, Gene Edens, leave my apologies to her for what happened to her pencil.

I, Maria Rousakis, bequeath my ability to recognize water pitchers to "Roommate" Moorer, hoping that she will stop spreading stories of the famous mistake.

To Miriam Owens, I, Betty Dempsey, will my modern hair style.

I, Jessie Dillow, don't will anything. I need to take it all with me.

I, Virginia Brown, bequeath my walk to any duck that will have it.

To Havilia Parker, I, Jane Ogilvie, leave my "geechie" talk.

I, Willann Campbell, will my love for night duty in the E. R. to some fortunate person if she can have it in the summer as I did.

To Evelyn Moorer, I, Sara Stripling, leave my ability to snag a husband before leaving training.

I, Joyce Ray, will my dry wit to Ann Green, hoping she will keep the old maids happy while I keep the generals happy.

To Sue Drake, I, Lucy Walters, will my love for one man.

I, Peggy O'Dell, leave my old duty shoes to Carolyn Swindell, hoping that she will keep them as clean as I have.

I, Carolyn Caveny, leave a laugh that can be heard all over Riverside to Patsy Sellers.

I, Betty Potter, will my job of pushing the Diet Kitchen carrier to any poor soul who has a weak mind and a strong back.

To C. Zell, I, Betty Sholk, will my ability to get along with anyone.

I, Verta Needham Ingbretsen, leave my privileges as a married student to any girl who can find a husband as wonderful as "Inky".

To Ruby McAlhaney, I, Margaret Baldwin, leave my love for the doctors and medical students.

I, Shirley Keenum, leave my wonderful times at Parris Island to Betty W., Delores K., and Connie B. and hope they enjoy them.

To Patsy Sellers, I, Nancy Oates, leave my love for a certain surgeon.

I, Dottie H. Cline, will my role of motherhood to anyone who can play this role and that of a nurse at the same time.

To Mary Ann Thomasson, I, Reby Kizer, leave my unpremeditated remarks.

With dignity, I, June Green, will my visit to the Mayor to the rising annual staff.

I, Perry Rumph, bequeath my infectious laughter to Beryl Quinn.

I, Joyce Hennessy, will my sophisticated manner to Betty Allison.

I, Ann Shealy, leave my persistence in finishing training to anyone who might be a quitter.

To the fat lady in the next carnival, I, Pearl Woodcock, will my obesity.

Verta N. Ingbretsen, Testator

Witnesses: 1. Hogan, W. S. W.

2. Pierson, P. F.

Roll Call

Sections 1 and 2

Spring approached, the seniors were notified by President *Rousakis* that all would have late leaves to go to the circus—not dear old Barnum and Bailey but the new incomperable pair *Brickle* and *Brickle*. Once past the cash *Register* there were sideshows, food and music everywhere on the large *Green* called *Edens* garden. Immediately they heard someone *Holler*—"See the Siamese twins *"Ogilvie* and *O'Dell*—they are hitched as no other.

Now the seniors spied that glamorous *Dinah Hucks* cutting *Capers* before the next tent but being hungry they headed for *Robinson's* Grill for hamburgers. They looked into their *Rumph* leather purses and finding them empty decided there was not a *Ray* of hope in that direction. Miss *Sholk* said no one can *Cook* at these places and Miss *McAlhaney* checking her dimensions decided she didn't *Needham* anyway. Now if *Roubion,* the French Chef, had been there with supplies from *Koger's* Grocery, things would have been better.

Strains of music next claimed the seniors' attention *"Hennessey*—Tennessee tootles the flute" came from the tent at the right while the Merry-Go-Round played "The *Campbells* are coming". In fact the girls felt the tunes *Welling* up in their throats.

Right this way—Right this way!! "See the caged animals at *Walters* sideshow". See the *Coney,* the European rabbit that eats *Oates*—See the *Woodcock*—that bird eats only *Baldwin* apples. Now see the incomperable *Bozard*. We had to jet propel a box of *Morton's* salt high into the blue *Hayes* to capture that bird.

Next were the artists *Caveny* and *Keenum* turning out china on their *Potters'* wheels.

Then to their amazement they saw the great prize fighter—none other than *Dempsey* striding to his tent for a bout with some poor *Stripling* he could easily beat.

With flat pocket books and flat feet from three years of duty the seniors, eight at a time got a ride home in *Floyd's* new de luxe *Kizer* the ideal commencement gift for all young graduate nurses.

Still hungry Miss *Sheely* insisted on driving to *Demos'* Fruit Store, while Miss *Dillow* in a *Brown* study tried to figure how to pay. Oh! Oh! the car stopped—out of gas. They all decided to go by *Cline's* Amoco station where credit was good.

The station was closed since the manager had to baby sit so they walked home just in time for one of "Mr. Roper's" unsurpassed suppers—May they always have as good meals and as much fun as they've enjoyed together these three years!

The above was composed by the Dean of the School of Nursing and was read at the Annual Alumnae Party.

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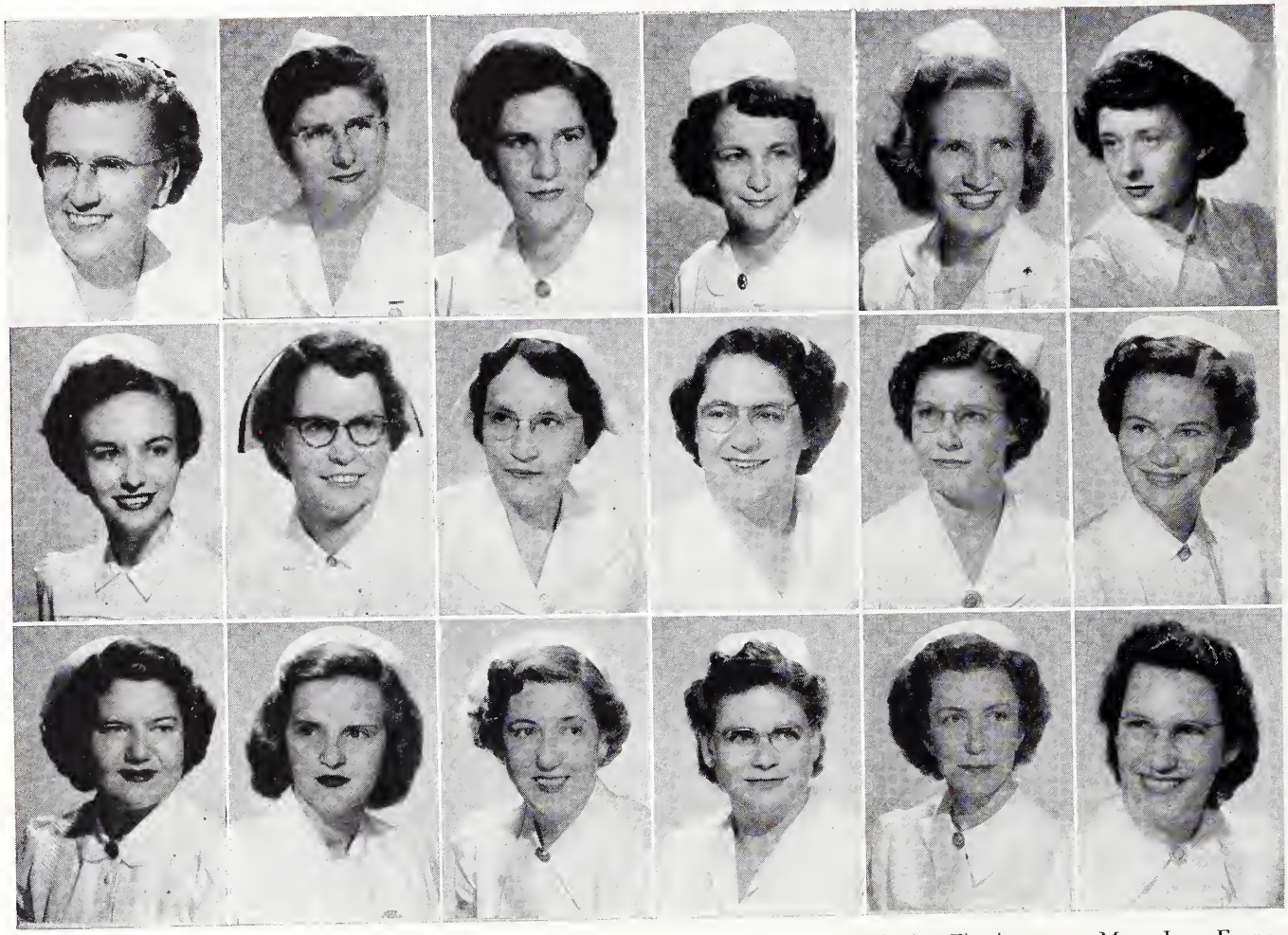
Our Associates

Faculty and Supervisors



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Dean of Nursing
Superintendent of Nurses

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Nursing Arts Instructor

Nancy Saul
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Assistant of Nursing Service
Instructor of Clinical Nursing
General Supervisor

Rosalyn Wieters
R.N., B.S.
Assistant in Clinical Nursing
General Supervisor

Corine Fitzsimmons
R.N.
Clinical Instructor
Relief Supervisor

Mary Jane Furno
R.N.
Clinical Instructor

Joyce Inabinet
R.N.
Assistant Nursing Arts Instructor

Dorothy Roberson
R.N.
Assistant Nursing Arts Instructor

Irene Dixon
R.N.
Supervisor of Private Pavilion

Minera Kozma
R.N.
Assistant Supervisor of Private Pavilion

Marguerite Burn
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Night Supervisor of Private Pavilion

Clara Bearden
R.N.
Assistant Night Supervisor of Private Pavilion

Ruth Pierce
R.N.
Night Supervisor of Main Building

Mary Ellen Hardee
R.N., B.S.
Assistant Night Supervisor of Main Building

Agnes Duncan
R.N.
Supervisor of Pediatrics
Instructor of Pediatric Nursing

Dorothy Podmore
R.N.
Supervisor of Obstetrics
Instructor of Obstetrical Nursing

Elsa Salvo
R.N., B.S.
Supervisor of Operating Room of Main Bldg.
Instructor of Operating Room Technique

Margaret Corley
R.N.
Supervisor of Private Pavilion Operating Room

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Head Nurse, P. P. ii

Amy Cannon
R.N.
Head Nurse, P. P. iii

Harriet Robinson
R.N.
Head Nurse, White Pediatrics

Margie Shuler
R.N.
Head Nurse, White Medical Ward

Marilyn Pfaehler
R.N.
Head Nurse, Isolation

Polly Beckman
R.N.
Head Nurse, Emergency Room

Elizabeth Lawandales
R.N.
Head Nurse, Colored Surgical Ward

Carolyn Warren
R.N.
Head Nurse, Colored Obstetrical Dept.

Roma Hudnall
R.N.
Head Nurse, Colored Gynecology

Eleanor Baughman
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Head Nurse, Psychiatry

Jane Murray
R.N.
Head Nurse, Colored Pediatrics

Margaret Rumple
R.N.
Supervisor
Central Supply

Mary Jane Mobley
R.N.
Head Nurse, Colored Ward

Marie Altman
R.N.
Head Nurse, White Surgical Ward

Thelma Brown
Private Floor

Resident Staff

First row, left to right: Surgery—L. B. Jenkin, chief; P. Genity, H. Donato, B. Ferrara, C. Maguire, J. Owens.

Second row: M. Weinberg, H. Frierson; Medicine—R. Howell, chief; H. Snead, P. Stoney, A. Pappas.

Third row: H. Ellison, P. Coan, J. Miller; Pediatrics—M. Jenkins, chief; E. Latham, G. Young.

Fourth row: F. Mijer, J. Rheney; Obstetrics—J. Bell, chief; Eugene Latham, H. Smith, W. Dennis.

Fifth row: R. Lumpkin; Dental—W. McLease; Orthopedics—E. Lie, chief; C. Lofdahl, G. U. Wehner, A. Franzblau, Tawse, chief (not pictured).

Intern Staff

First row, left to right: R. Burley, V. Jeffords, R. Howell.
Second row: W. Anderson, W. Ector, G. Hughston.
Third row: R. Fuller, C. Roberts, J. McAlpine.

Health Staff

Seated, left to right: Miss Ouida Roberts, Health Nurse; Dr. Robert Wilson, Medical Chairman; Dr. Kelly McKee, Medicine; Dr. F. A. Hoshall, Orthopedics.

Standing, left to right: Dr. R. Hanckel, Ear, Nose, Throat; Dr. Henry Roberston, Medicine.

Not pictured: Dr. A. J. Buist, Surgery; Dr. Pierre Jenkins, Eye.

MISS VIANA McCOWN

Miss Viana McCown is the Director of the School of Nursing of The University of South Carolina. She has held prominent positions in the State nurses' associations, including the office of President of The South Carolina League of Nursing Education. She was the originator of the School of Nursing of the University of South Carolina.

Miss McCown is interested in all her students and strives to help each one reach her goal. She is looked upon with much admiration and a feeling of love and respect.

Miss Martha M. Bradley, who is Director of Nursing Education at the South Carolina State Hospital, has been admired and respected by all students who have completed their Psychiatric Affiliation. Three months of theory and practice in a psychiatric hospital under such excellent supervision gives the student better rapport with all of her patients.

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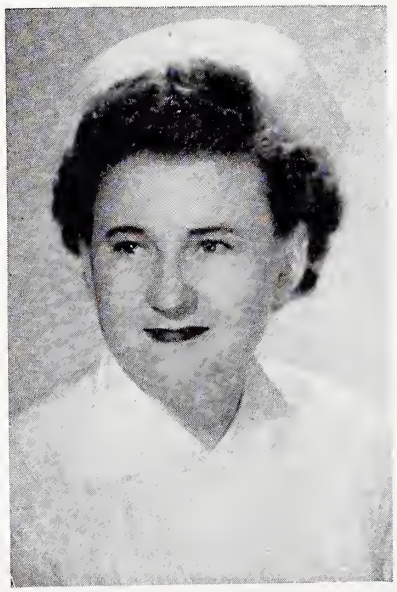
"A white uniform, a distinctive cap, unlimited opportunity, a nurse . . . I challenge you, each and every one of you, to seek a richer and fuller life." Words such as these were heard through the speeches of the contestants in the "Miss Student Nurse of South Carolina" contest.

The contest was designed for the purpose of interesting more high school students in making nursing their career. Judging was based on poise, personality, scholastic rating, and content and presentation of a speech on "Why You Should Choose Nursing as a Career."

"Miss Student Nurse" after successfully competing, first against students in her own school and then against students from eleven schools of nursing in the state, received five hundred dollars ($500) and a tour of the state, speaking in the different high schools.

The above was written by Sara Starnes, a junior student. affiliate from the University of South Carolina. Sara competed in the "Miss Student Nurse of South Carolina" contest, and we are proud to announce she was awarded second place.

SHE SAID IT . . .



To the members of the past, present, and future student body of the School of Nursing of the Medical College of S. C. and Roper Hospital, I am honored to state how I originated the title of Tres Anni for the School Annual.

The first publication of the Tres Anni appeared with the class of 1946, of which I was a member.

Tres Anni, translated in English, is three years. The class of 1946 realized that we had not only come to the close of a three-year period, but that we had reached more profound goals. We had learned the theory of our profession diligently in order to serve those in our care faithfully; united we stood ready to rededicate our lives to serve in our profession to the best of our ability.

There were many barriers to cross in order to make Tres Anni a success, but we worked willingly and earnestly together. I am duly proud to return in the year of 1953 to complete an interrupted program and to see the problems approached with more enthusiasm than ever.

My best wishes to all students and advisors for all times to come.

MRS. EDWYNA MORSE BUTLER.

Miss Roper

MIRIAM OWENS, First Year Student, was selected Beauty Queen by impartial judges on February 20, 1953.

Student Council

Seated, left to right: Buena Floyd, Charlotte Mitchum, Maria Rousakis, President; Loretta Robinson, Mary Neal Cook, Betty Lesemann, Vice-President; Janelle Lester, Treasurer.

Standing, left to right: Miss Marie Altmann, Junior Advisor; Betty Potter, Jane Sellars, Dessie Shealy, Betty Allison, Mrs. Verta Ingbretsen, Joan Glenn.

Not pictured: Peggy O'Dell, Secretary.

Annual Staff

Seated, left to right: Mrs. Verta Ingbretsen, Literary Editor; Loretta Robinson, Advertising Manager; Charlotte Mitchum, Assistant Editor; Gloria Cook, Photographic Editor; Elaine Morton, Editor; June Green, Business Editor; Mary Jane Furno, Advisor; Lorraine McAlhaney, Circulation Manager; Maria Rousakis, Assistant Advertising Manager; Mary Ann Thomasson, Assistant Literary Editor; Betty Lesemann, Assistant Business Editor; Shirley Moorer, Assistant Photographic Editor.

Baptist Student Union

Top Row—Left to Right: Jack Shingler, Janelle Lester, L. C. Dimmery, Mary Neal Cook, Edgar McKnight, Jack Harrelson.

Second row: Jim Gallenger, Polly Prentiss, Charlie Jones, Beverly Simms, Theo Gailey, Virginia Hodges, Joyce Trescott, Helen Sprott, Virginia Blount, Maxine Ackerman, Ray Ackerman, Mary Shelly, Margaret Howell, Jimmy Howell, Mrs. Leroy Benedict, Mr. Leroy Benedict, Charleston B. S. U. Secretary.

Third row: Margaret Dimmery, Betty Brodie, Sara Starnes, President; Patsy Bozard, Mary Ann Thomasson, Myrtle Ann Benton, Elizabeth Jenkins, Robert Prince.

Fourth row: Hope Childress, Joan Glenn, Jerry Metts, Evelyn Cate, Joan Gray.

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Left to right: Lorraine McAlhaney, Gene Edens, Chairman; Gloria Cook.

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In sincere appreciation I have many "thank-yous" to extend at this time.

First, to Miss Ruth Chamberlin and Mary Jane "Dottie" Furno, our advisors, I truly express appreciation for making the work a pleasure as well as an accomplishment.

Secondly, I would offer a trophy, if there were a trophy to offer, to June Green and Betty Sholk for their concentrated effort and enthusiasm not only in soliciting advertisements, but also in preparing the contents.

Thirdly, to Mary Ann Thomasson, whose artistic ability is unsurpassed, and to Mrs. Verta Ingbretson, whose literary genius is unequalled, I say thank you and congratulations for such a marvelous presentation.

Fourthly, deep appreciation goes to Lorraine McAlhaney for all the effort she displayed in circulation and photography.

Fifthly, I express sincere appreciation to Mr. Rohde Nelson for having so much patience and still meeting his deadline when the weather was "pretty warm."

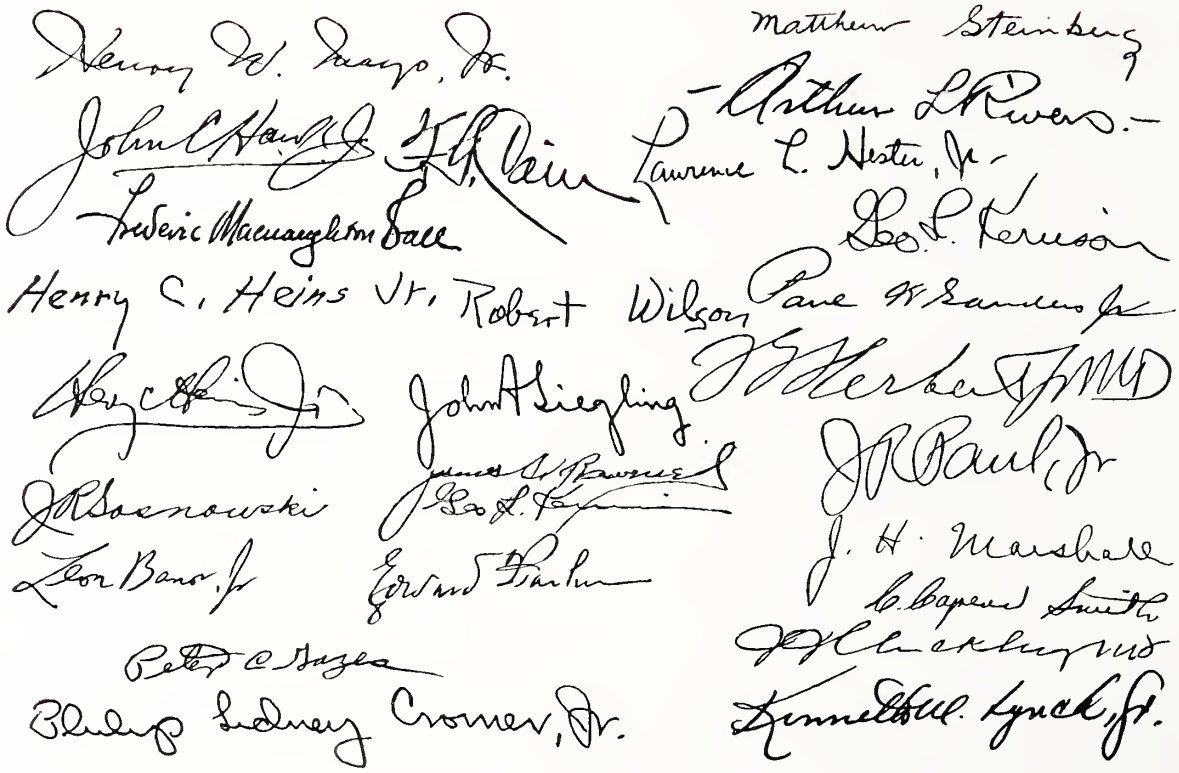
And last, but definitely not least, I wish to thank the Board of Commissioners for their generous gift in helping finance our annual and also all of the hospital doctors and attending physicians for their contributions towards the publication of our annual.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
Elaine Morton.

DOCTOR'S HELPING MAKE THE

1953-54 TRES ANNI

ANNUAL POSSIBLE



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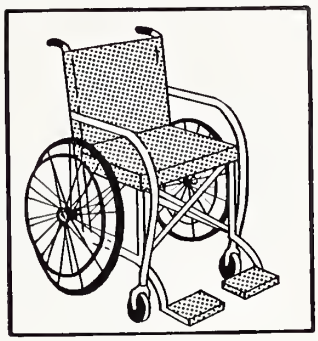

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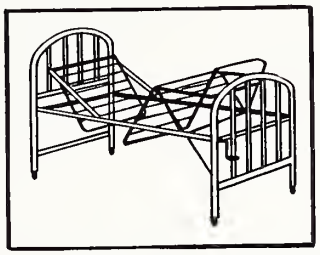

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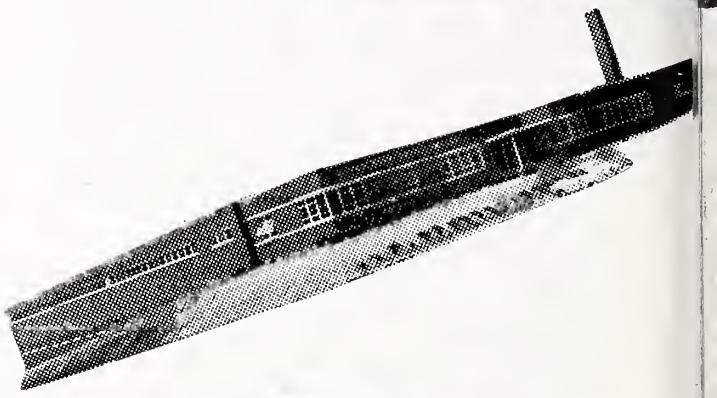

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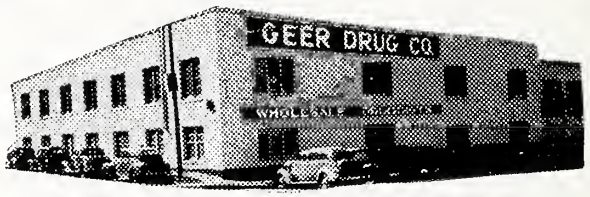

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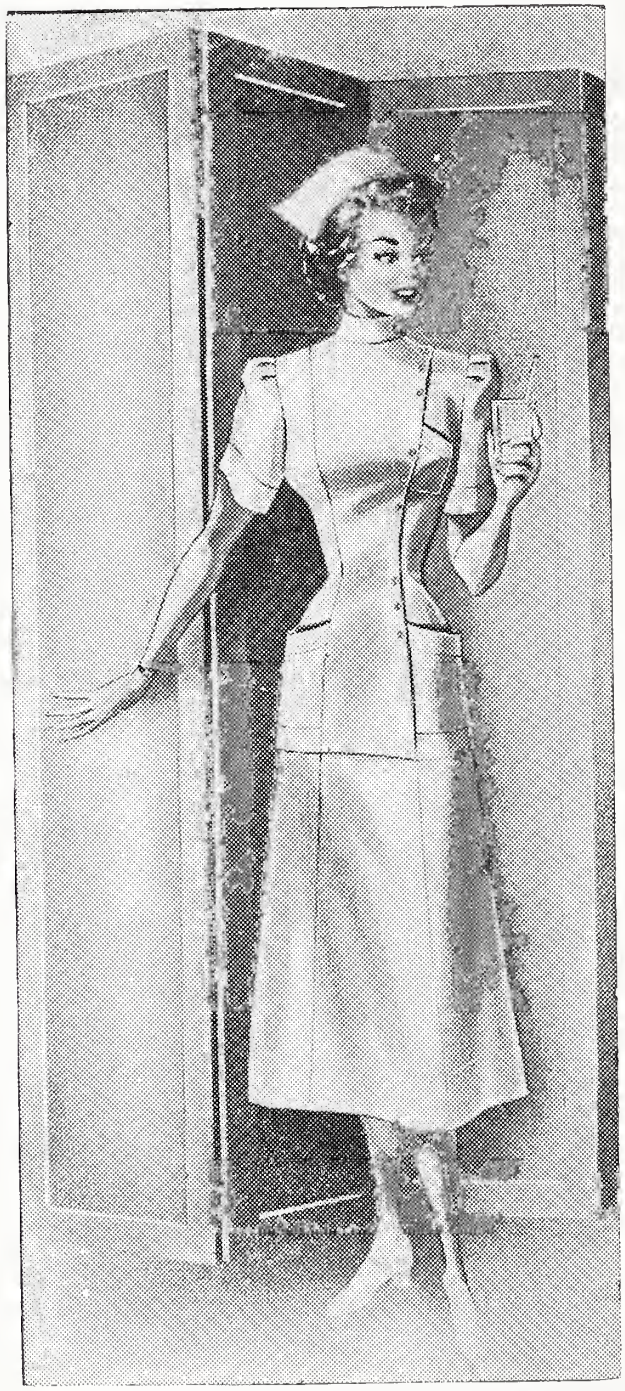

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